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# Vision of Thyrsa;

OR, THE GIFT OF THE HILLS.

By IRIS. With frontispiece.

An invocation in blank verse to the gods, a fine revival of the classical form, after the manner of Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon," appealing to them in the name of despairing humanity to visit the earth and reform the follies and vices of society.—  
THE ARENA, Nov. '98. '95-

*Presented by*

*The Author*

*to the*

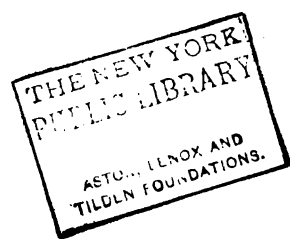
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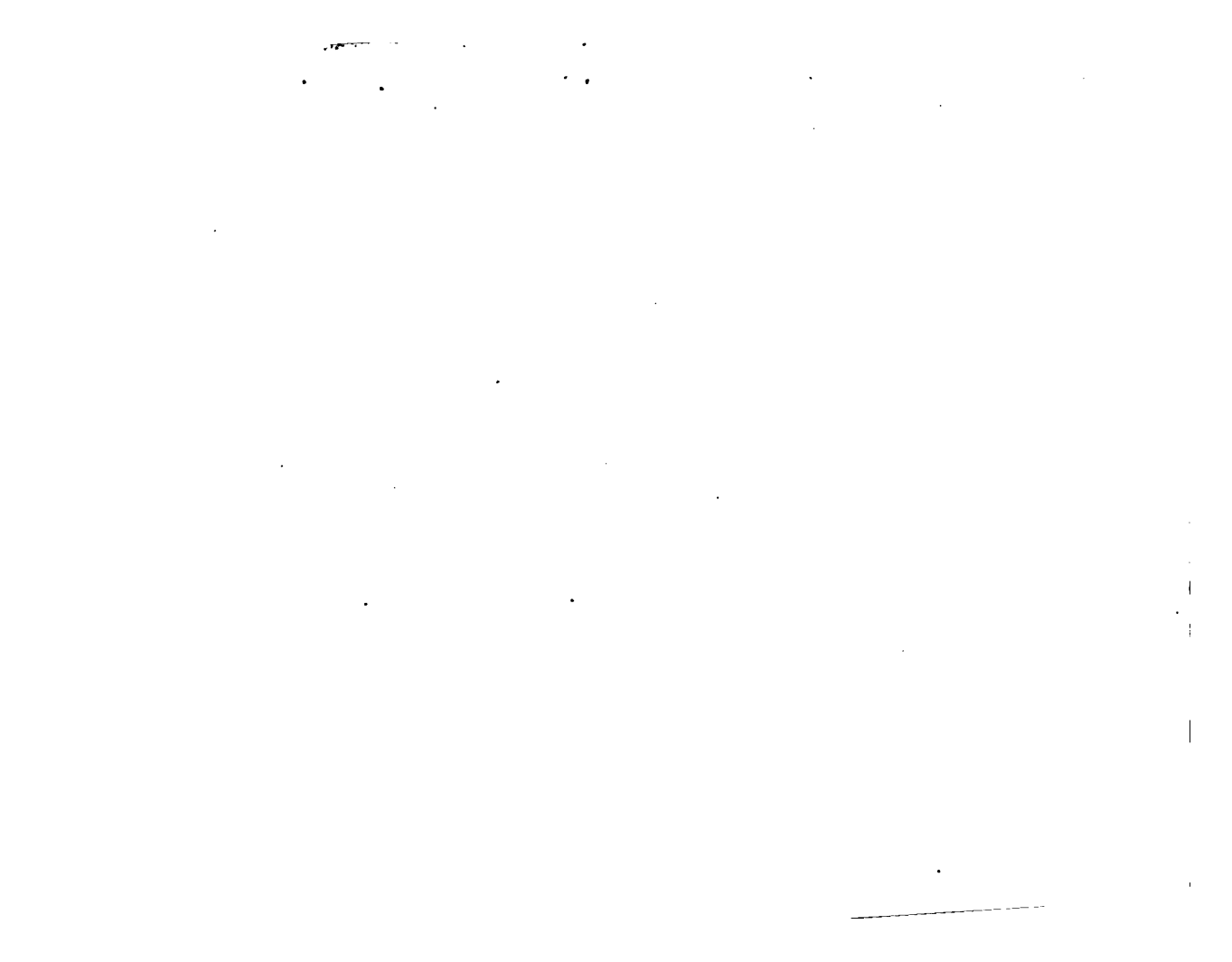


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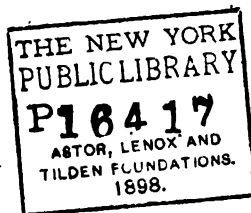




Mail for Helena.



Van der Tien.



*Correct copy.*

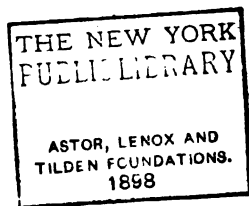
# VISION OF THYRZA

OR

## THE GIFT OF THE HILLS

BY  
IRIS

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1895



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If the trumpet give forth an uncertain sound, who shall prepare for battle.—*Bible.*

Come! Come! O light divine!  
O Come Saturnian morn!  
O Land of Peace on whom recline  
Ten thousand hopes unborn,  
O Beautiful, stand forth, nor sword nor lance,  
Silent wielder of the fates!  
War tamer, striking with thy glance  
The thunder from imperial states!  
So hard, surpassing war, doth Peace assail;  
So far, exceeding hate, doth Love avail.

—*G. W. Woodberry.*



# VISION OF THYRZA:

OR,

*THE GIFT OF THE HILLS.*

---

Guardian Spirit, the shepherd's companion, Protector of flocks and  
of herds:

Home-loving spirit whose life is gift of the sun-loved hills —  
Of Pallas Athene the sounding Ægis take thou, and the wrath  
Of Titania, beloved of Helios, O Thyrza majestic, chant.  
Of Orion the stormy and tempestuous, chaste lover and builder  
sing thou,

---

Who, squaring all things with rule that is fair, finds in all things rule  
that is square.

Soul of my soul descending foreshadow a day in his courts,  
Where the fair dream of Dian interpreteth, God,  
Where the sons of the morning are laboring all,  
For the beauty of Love and of Dian, round Zion's great wall.

Soul of my soul arising contemplate a day in the Earth  
Where Love is divinity, growing to hallowed and consecrate life.  
Interpret a doubt-saddened morn, that darkens to negligence cold,  
A day mist-shrouded at dawn : at noon, heavy with fiery cloud,  
With wind, the hail, and the rain : at eve, in full splendor the Sun  
restored.

A while cease from thy passionate laboring, child of the Earth, and  
hands fold



In slumberless vision. To regions of life endless, behold,  
We uplift and enchain thee. Child of the Earth, attend,  
As, striking the hour, the voice of the strenuous gods to thy waiting  
soul comes.

The day Define. The day Refine. The day Purify.

#### INVOCATION.

Æ — o — lus ! Æ — o — lus !

Long I've been calling my Arab steeds.

Æ — o — lus ! Æ — o — lus !

Arise from thy caverns so wide and so deep.

Hither come from thy wanderings so wild and so high,

Hither come o'er my love, breathe a song in her sleep,

Hither come thy white wings between, she'll outride the waves :

---

Go tell ye the East-wind ! Go tell ye the West-wind !  
Call ye the North-wind — and forbid the sweet South-wind to stay.  
Onward, speed onward. Love's steeds from all corners call thou : for  
Who the place knoweth of the South-wind's calm birth ?  
Who the power knoweth of a North-wind's caress ? — and  
Who the heights have questioned where's unrolled the stripes and stars ?

POET VOICES.

Know ye a land where the Upas, the Hemlock, and deadly Night-  
shade,  
Of dreaming men's " Day " and " Night " symbols are made,  
Where the Poppy familiar, with breath of venomous Mandrake,  
United with all of like kind from Earth that's in air,  
Returning again to the senses of men,  
Begotten are plague and distress in the land ?

Æ — o — lus! Æ — o — lus!  
O visit the Earth with thy minor chords sweet;  
In language pathetic men's weakness and evil deplore,  
As of old one sang to his thousand-stringed Lyre;  
To "souls of the just made perfect" our harps may yet be  
attuned.

### ORION.

Who for "understanding" Love barter, Knowledge the sorceress  
tempting,  
Her secrets achieves, but with sadness of vain and desolate age in  
his hands.  
Bound are we ever to teach to men innocent pastoral joys,  
Without which ne'er was true patriot born,  
Soil of the Earth to protect from false usage of vice.

Else, how shall my love as the Lilies be clothed ?  
Else — how shall thy song as the flame be pure ?  
Brighter the noon's fiery glow, and shadows no place have to hide,  
As wondrous in beauty bright Helios, whom Earth's " Great Physi-  
cian " is called.

List we His words nor question, lest timing his arrows  
We penalty pay of the fallen and perjured gods ;  
Now while the radiance that comes, in might simple of being, wrests  
From his path the hosts swarthy that rise, for a moment eclipsing  
his face ;

In the name and the strength of all virginity holy that comes,  
Straight make we His path as the ray He lets fall.  
Glowing His face with wealth of blessed and perfected thought  
That reflected from fellow-men healed doth enkindle new light in  
the skies.

Approach we to Him for new counsel and guidance,  
Whose light's nor "experiment," "matter," nor "*morale*," a ceremony holy.

Hence stands He with those who sacrifice offer in Dian's chaste urn,  
Knowing no law that is higher than — 'Tis "right" for 'tis modest,  
'Tis "wrong" for immodest it is.

#### POET VOICES.

"By the waters of Babylon there we sat down, and there  
They who our hands held captive demanded a song.  
Love, how shall we chant thy jubilant notes in a stranger land?  
On the Willows our harps we hang when serve we a stranger's hand,  
Who the scoff and jest flings, nor know that thy passion  
We chant not through sordid and earthy strains;  
Love's passion celestial we chant not for idle or selfish ends."

## APOLLO.

Hail Orion ! Olympus, Father, to thee. And thee, strength of the gods,  
Of men the chaste ideal, Athene, hail ! Thrice hail unto thee !  
Prometheus, mine elder and worthier self, we bow at thy call,  
At whose summons to-day in glad service of men we come ;  
Hath aught of new prayer or of plaint, from distant fields stellar,  
Thine eloquent ears caught or thy heart's vision learned,  
Of new prayer or just plaint from worlds near or afar ?

|| " Earth " arises as one human form. ||

Cybele ! O Cybele ! great mystic Mother, my loyal soul's dear love,  
Whose glowing breast speaks to the desolate heart forever of Hope's  
new day,  
Whose all-enduring power, whose treasured strength's thy children's  
benison,

A new song wilt still teach me? — who herein asks that, gracious, men  
Shall in all their usage, unto thee do honor.  
Exiled from all men prize — the gladsome joys and cheer of home,  
The voice of love —  
Still, in the light of God's great heart, with thee I'll stand and for  
thee toil,  
My one great filial love and synonym for liberty.  
Long have I heard thy cry, the hour awaiting and the Father's word.  
To silence awed, as, mighty 'neath the listening skies,  
Thy great form rose, the heavens filling with thine agony,  
While every sound of surface force and iron power did flee away,  
“Deep — echoing unto Deep.” But list! Afar!  
Hear ye God's greeting to dawning worlds passing —  
Fair ye — fare well! Fare well — fair ye!

### CYBELE.

Know ye I rise in passion supreme and proclaim *Earth* falsified sore.  
Know ye that men the soil prostitute, and a continent make foul,  
Nature, that's one with the spiritual world in all things corresponding,  
Her true uses sacrificed, to evil they turn.  
Poseidon doth sleep, or, becalmed on Indian seas  
'Mid perfume of myriad Lotus, reclines in a garden of Lilies ;  
Dream-smiling he murmurs — for dreaming he still o'er the depths  
                  holds rule —  
That Nature with men's passions dæmonic or celestial is forever  
                  in step,  
That they the great uses of life, of health, and of peace despise,  
'T're wholesome land tilling for falsehood and sin,  
Of simplicity, the perfumed incense, perpetual and holy, esteeming not.



For this specious indiscriminating pride, darkened was the "Glory  
of Morn,"

And legions of Heaven to the beast followed. Yet  
Prayers of Orator, Author, Statesman, Laborer, and Priest,  
From caressing arms of Pacific calm to thunders of the answering  
eastern sea, rise,

The heavens besieging in a puerile whine of "*Clothe me in rags —  
clothe me in rags,*

*Agriculture is on the decline.*"

Far down the mist-bathed vales that once with sweet wine  
And with honey o'erflowed, with grain and with golden fruits healthful,  
A song lifting up "Light" shines on unlimited culture of noxious  
and poisonous weeds.

Arising in purity to-day, he denounces men's blasphemous propa-  
gation of "Vice,"

Whose patrons, forever procuring, create it anew for their kind.  
The seedling bed theirs where the tree of Death,  
Termed sagely "Original sin," is planted, nurtured, and grown,  
To posterity saying, gather ye fruit of the winds I the brainless  
seed sow,  
He that groweth it unconscious planning the extinction of life,  
Bidding come to men in what form of dishonor, distress, or of falsehood it may;  
The stench of this subtle modern phase of pollution that covers  
the land,  
Since filthiness of flesh and of spirit are one.  
Its apotheosis in public ye hear — "Divine" it is called.  
Where 'tis divinity its evidence, and expression's the sodden beast  
— abhorred.  
Who in search of Wisdom are trivial, in its applications false ;

Such is the manifestation of their love. Attend ye :

“By the loves of a man shall ye know of his life.”

Justly the hands of humanity fall when asked to honor and respect  
vice, while

Superstition's vain word is contribution of life without standard of  
purity

For prophecy of a people's future ideals.

The heavenly vault descending I too have listed the anthems celestial,  
That sound of far distant and dreamlike harmonies sweet —

Sound of joy sphered that echoes Earth's marching feet. Hence  
From afar coming prepare I the way for him who the chant universal  
shall lead,

That tells the “Golden Age” come to the Earth; who ever  
With humble glad offering of his best the heavens by violence takes,  
Compelling its powers to descend in benefit and blessing to men.

### OLYMPUS.

Against culture of vice God's anger continually doth burn,  
While presumptuous and grandiloquent men pray,  
"Lord, of all generations the dwelling-place art thou" :  
Hence we thine indulgence ask, the better portion of Earth to use  
For culture of vice in ourselves and humanity, for thou  
A race of clean men and gentle dost choose,  
Thy character on Earth to illustrate. If 'tis sin,  
We thy mercy crave, knowing not what we do; yet  
Answer as we pray, who would truth learn.  
Beyond power of delight in simple life educate  
We God's greatest *law of "Indestructibility"* as naught teach,  
Claiming the sordid honor of a blest annihilation at thy hands,  
Necessity asking not. "For such as we, even so art Thou" (?)

The Lilies astonished have whispered a tale,  
That men stand before men, God's Oracle to expound,  
With a love whose fire is foul, carrying prayer unto Demos (His  
hound),  
While maidens with a like diseased kiss white Chastity insult.  
That hands universal stretch out for strange uses, and o'erreach  
The pure purpose of life, necessity questioning not,  
And men without poetry of filial love or religion are born  
To disease and mania by parents elect, a wail of woe universal  
sent up :  
As material nature stands at the doors, echoing as a whole  
men's lunacy and greed.

|| Passing into the distance, "The Intellectual Power" goes on." ||

Ah well ! the soul of man our father Homer knew ; of riches gained  
Within the darkened realm of Pluto's stern abode, beside whose  
righteous throne  
The hovering, piteous form of sad Persephone her lonely vigil keeps ;  
Who prayeth at her feet no lack of intercession hath.

### PLUTO.

Laid waste is the virgin soil with culture of a stench  
That's a self-imposed vengeance, filling mine Elysium with fragments  
and chimeras,  
Which to the human and godlike scarce bear likeness.  
With the power of thought slain, the life of no avail is foreknown,  
Yet some phase of genius to every man is Earth's heritage rightful.  
Arise from thy broadcast sowing of Dragon's-teeth, for

Shadows on thy spiritual sight gather, and thou sayest to Fate,  
Show me the why and the wherefore of my life, and what  
To my neighbor and fellow-man is "Justice."

||Voice ceasing amid the roar of the elements, to sound of heavy  
machinery the  
Cyclops chant. ||

Hear Mate! We wait — On Beauty!  
See Mate! See thought — As Duty!  
Help Mate! We work — For Beauty!  
See Mate! See work — As Beauty!  
My Mate, — she calls, — Excuse me!  
My Love, — Is Love — The Servant!  
My Law! — Is Love — The Master!  
My Hopes! — In Love — Redeemer!

|| Answering Chant.||

{ The light behold — The light behold  
  { *Of Egypt*, rising now.  
  { Come tread the mountains fair and watch for the dawn with me.  
  { Come tread the hill-tops fair and wait for the dawn with me.

---

APOLLO.

When men the great principles of life's true usage and thought  
  reclaim,  
Necessity asking before greed and cash values of filth,  
'Tis then the great God in his might comes down ; 'tis then that  
  all Hope



- And all Love come down. For all Hope and all Love is the Poet's  
great heart, and all flame.  
Needless for a child of "science" to the scholar to speak  
Of "chemical" and "elective affinities," "selection" — the secret  
he knows.  
But know ye a circle wherein poisonous things and noxious  
By "selection natural" affiliate, forming new growths of like kind,  
Which the winds, claiming, send onward a cycle of malarious death  
and of plague.  
Ye it place in the Earth, and give to the air! Hence know ye  
The clutch of this "Grippe" that's so brutal, the indolent roll  
Of this sickly wave respecting nor strength, weakness, or good,  
That "Influenza" men call, a very gentle caress of thy ebon-eyed  
traitor.  
Unwholesome this vapor of cloud, this aeriform type of decay ;

This rarified extract of too aromatic green fields, — call it Nicotiana, —

This “Providential” (?) shadow of a far too solid *earthly Industry*.

Lo ! this is the land where Upas and Hemlock, with deadly Nightshade,  
Of men’s spiritual “Day” and “Night” emblems are made ;  
Where breath of the waving weeds plenteous, united with all of  
like kind,

From the Earth that’s in air — such direful impetus given —

Returneth again to the senses of men, a mysterious blast  
Of plague and distress in the land, while they it a “strange Providence” call.

Strange honor we do a sane God, with logic that to “Deity” or  
*nowhere*

Assigns that which through abuse of culture to mania and uselessness  
“predestines” mankind.

Descend, gentle Urania; from thy throne silver-mantled, Urania  
gentle descend,  
Our warlike, peaceful errand to men here set forth; men  
For whom the unstable flood in slavery pants; men who've the  
electric bolt caught,  
The fiery broom chained that sweeps away poisonous vapors,  
To mingle no more with the fountains aerial and pure.  
For so the great Jove Omnipresent "setteth in order His house,"  
Radiantly clear He the canvas doth spread when  
The jeweled wonder of His garment He paints —  
Unchangeable, ne'er from Nature's law perfect man's freed;  
Hence to "help of the mighty" must woman arise, since in the  
balance  
For adjustment by the merciless "eye for eye" law, jesting and  
blind,

Men place the dread measure evil with their good. And  
Who the measure of a limitless presumption shall tell? or the  
judgments

Of Curiosity, by Wisdom restrained not?

Shall Science to herself be untrue, Nature's processes defying?

Rightly used Knowledge, Nature or God may abuse.

When o'er all the land vice shall cease to be cultivate, nor  
esteemed "Industry,"

The race from tyranny of impotent hereditary negations shall rise,  
From "spiritual" and elemental Anarchy growing to pure and

Great apprehension of the divinity of man. Then shall

Material Nature cease to mirror his mania, drunkenness, and child-  
like greed

By Flood, Tornado, and Hurricane; Earth be visited by habitable  
"airs "

And winds genial, a pacific and immortal clime of glorious  
youth.

With no uncertain sound doth she speak "whose voice is echo of  
thunders seven,"

When God's mightiest agent, *Nature's vital force,*

*For an unclean tillage of the soil and for traffic unholy is used.*

Men's "Faith" 's of small import to any until it a basis for thought  
and act faithful

Becomes, when at once, *universal in relation*, it stands.

Genius its power estimates not ; and

Who the steps of the storm hath measured ? who the track of the  
wind doth know ?

The fire of heaven, to Earth's machinery's chained. How think ye ?

Shall Love unto culture of a sodden vice his strength lend, his  
arm consecrate ?

Draught-horse for the dunghill ! How calculate we good of this  
ill ? —

How the interest compound of this folly sublime ? Fain would I  
with care speak,

To circumstance bowing, and the “day of small things,”

Yet must we from hence for resurrection of men to wider, more  
sane “responsibility” stand,

Apprehending that creation’s in all ways our work, as well as  
we hers ;

That men be not born in or of “Original sin,” the fulfilling of  
ignorant creeds,

Neither question of justice eternal, if for some sequence strange  
he fall on an evil day.

To building of Beauty’s temple am I dedicate, where clang of iron  
and the ring

Of steel are heard not, silent rising as the great stars watchful, and,  
as they,  
Far from the rattle of gold in the market-place; from the flats  
becalmed of Mammon's  
Unscrupulous lustihead, far. Ishmaelite of unpicturesque mind  
and step halting;  
Blest not with wealth of imagery and power to please.  
A voice but of expostulation, I in undecorated lines give thee dis-  
course  
On the "*Flower, Fruit, and Thorn*" of this princely agricultural  
pursuit;  
Of weeds talk; of agricultural decay, disease, and weather elec-  
trical give thee discourse.  
Since "Love" that includes not responsibility for humanity's  
babes, includeth naught,

'Mong the yeomanry must *conscience professional* be honored and  
taught,

Else is " Patriotism " a farce, " Religion " the same, and the hounds  
Of infidelity licentious o'errun, trampling the gardens of our God.

Falsely used power the elements to greater confusion turning,

Nature the seeming enemy of mankind becomes, and

His destruction by direful *self-created casualty* imminent.

Commingles not like spirit with like ?

Thou shalt the Almighty tempt not, nor lay familiar manufacturing  
hands

Upon thy God in a trivial ministry to vice and accursed greed ;

The visible expression of soul may not as clay be handled, lest in

Earth be too much of awful God,

Too little of gentle Love. For He, indestructible,



Is consumed not of thy flame, Who back on thee impersonally  
hurleth the bolt.

Who shall the bursting cloud locate? who the path of the lightning tell?

Yet men the truth shirk, and, cowardly o'erreaching the pure uses  
of life,

Mould for themselves and their progeny an iron fate.

“ Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy nature, as thy name,  
Thy kingdom come to Earth, Thy will therein be done ;  
Daily give us bread *sufficient* for our need ;  
Our sins forgive as we forgive, and may thy strength  
Into temptation lead us not, from “ evil ” still delivering. ”

But now unto us cometh Hermes afar with fair Vesta the Cypress  
bough bringing,

She who in homes of the Earth yet tendeth the flame celestial.

*A Voice.*— Maiden, how comest into presence of the gods, decked  
with an Indian's paint and plumes? Dangling at thy  
waist as though in mockery of the mystic cestus of our  
Mother Venus, thou dost wear what 'pears a circlet of  
green Peacocks' eyes —

*Vesta.*— Gently, O great World Dæmon ; thou knowest how on Earth  
My lord "The Eagle's Eye " much of self-knowledge had,  
And much of mythologic wisdom of the world, and medicines,  
When to thy hunting-grounds happy his spirit took flight.  
These things he by will to me gave, saying that 'twere well a  
woman should have that about her, might in self-defence  
be used.

And so this circlet of Fox-galls gave he me with word that  
in thy very sight — your pardon — by process of “inoculation” —

’Tis the last, most simple *terrestrial specific* for “*natural deceitfulness*.”

Many other extracts have I, but they are secrets of the craft,  
For much self-knowledge had the Eagle’s Eye, and much of  
wisdom mythologic gave he me by will. But I, alas! had  
not within this charmed circle faltering stood, save to  
defend an ideal and fulfil an augury.

For though on Earth my strength be spent, and failure’s  
misty crown my brow o’ercast, still ’twas “The Eagle’s  
Eye” that to the chieftains said,

“The Fleet of Foot’s” my little “Brave.” And so I still  
am jealous for a race of reckless men.

*Who to this simple maid hath given the cup?*

|| As Vesta assumes the majesty of Juno. ||

*Hermes.* — One Ganymede, my lord. A quick uplifting doth on some scant brains act as a lunacy.

*Apollo.* — Fair sister and friend, whose greatness stoops not falsehood and trifling to recognize or emulate, deeming it “policy”; of “Cynical experiment” takes no note or at Calumny’s beck opes the reservoir sealed, wherein the filth or pettiness of Earthy tongues is careless dropped; Who mistakes not woman’s jealous honor for envy’s swart brood, or place gives to idle curiosity; whose anger when expressed’s not rolling of the wild beast’s eye, but righteous, just, and sad, “master” to none saying, who unworthily his state holds.

How shall the hapless lover unto thee make prayer, whose  
lady hath upon him looked with eyes of indignation ?  
By thy changing brightness and the golden glory of thy  
faultless form, I dream anew of hopes immortal, beau-  
teous brow.

“Serene I fold my hands and wait,  
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea ;  
I rave no more 'gainst time nor Fate,  
For lo ! my own will come to me.”

*Vesta* (Again transformed). — Thou knowest my wont of old,  
beguiling gods and men through trance and dream and  
vision, oft showing them the future's hospitable face to  
lead them out of self's desponding mood and grasp of  
cold despair. But much I am traduced, and much the  
ungracious unimpassioned have to tell of weakness,

led by me to ruin's brink, but yet I say, and ever to  
thee say, whose soul still of remorseless passion speaks,

“Go — seek the maid

Whom golden Aphrodite shall persuade,

To lay her hand in thine, and follow thee,” etc.

Else to Love shall thy secret prayer, be as the flower —  
modest and perennial — ye in her garden by Dian's fair  
light do secretly plant, for friendship's cordial remem-  
brance a plea.

As Morning that loveth and groweth serenely to even,  
As Hesper that hateth, yet loves, and waiteth,  
It becomes error when, through passion of self-abasement,  
any shall his godhead believe of less dignity than one  
true heart's “faith” in it.

Who the life assumes, the thought defining of the words  
To be?

Whose soul upon the barren waste is poured,  
The heavens besieging with repentant tears?  
There being no evil in God's primal heaven, the soul  
whose motives,

- The body whose machinery, will not bear analysis, of a  
physician have need.

But where shall Titania, the fairy, find help, a home to create  
Where men upholster and stuff with inventions so dire.  
With Walnut, Marble, and carven Mahogany malignant in vain she  
doth wrestle, crying, Help! O Fairies! Sisters!  
How ever can I sweep here? Come give us a lift,  
This thousand-pound bedstead and square rood of wardrobe  
To heave into the fire, Lunatic! Aye — *Concept Imperative*,

E'en the song-birds in sad and sweet plaint have o'ercircled my head,  
Whispering that women, their inanimate forms flaunting,  
Make parade in a butchery fantastic the death of an innocent joy;  
Silent go to them; sister, say they, and recommend "song."  
'Tis thus we for your love a highway cast up,  
And thus we for your love a standard lift up,  
Who with song comfort ye. Comfort ye, Comfort my people, saith God.

#### A MEDICAL CIRCLE.

|| Enter Hermes in garment of Priest. Leveling a telescope at a small  
stream upon the horizon labeled

Fluid  
Aqua,  
*Unboiled.*  
(38)



Your pardon, my masters learned and brave, but I wish to know  
Have ye late had news of the star where "Poverty" and "Fire" are  
so feared that

Into streams and pure waters of life men's spittoons and excreta are  
villainous drained,

By helpless society drank of again. Your pardon, but in U. S.  
alone

Five hundred million pounds are yearly of the weed manufactured,  
With annual increase of millions twenty. What comes of it?  
Into streams and pure waters of life the filth by gallons unnumbered  
is cast,

To be ta'en of again by society helpless, breeding disease, or,  
By the insect world absorbed, unlimited new pests for field and  
garden are create.

*Careful ye the body to ashes consign, while with constant wholesale*

*Culture of disease germs is no staying of Death and of Plague.*

'Gainst somewhat they innocent term "enemies of the soil"

Manhood's strength and beauty from a weary, fruitless toil flee,

Arcadian loves wholesome and gentle forsaking; in factories and  
mills grind,

Machinery more intricate piling up, "Results" to destroy;

Taxed in vain is men's ingenuity thus. "Machinery" grow that  
shall "*causes*" prevent.

A new Gueber can but recommend a new Tophet, and hand ye the  
plan.

Abolish the sewer, wells empty, and burn. (A time cometh when  
the King

Shall his own spittoon tend, or find image of his God thus pitifully  
servile.)

When of such *sanitary* pyre the flame o'er our country shall rise,

Cleansing ever the land from insect pest, and thine homes from  
disease ;

Eternal symbol of spiritual development ;

Eternal tribute to intelligence of a people whose " God " is a " Flame  
of Fire,"

Protection of whose homes and babes is first in its heart.

From the burdens of sickness and pest in a measure free,

Make Agriculture a song, and all the glad land an anthem  
shall raise

Unto Eros our God. The divine-human ! Breath from the  
eternal, unconsuming flame He ;

A thought made perfect, arrayed in flesh, standing the absolute  
Saviour and Poet.

Unto ye builders of the Circean temple,

Rejecting food cleanly and wholesome, to infinity increasing Swine's  
flesh.

In poverty and starvation such product may justly be used, then only,  
While the entrails of beasts (Blood, Liver, and vitals) are sewerage all,  
Unfitted for human consuming, as Nature and science have shown.  
“ Who to himself addeth more than is clean, healthful, and pure,  
Hath to himself added disease.”

Man shall the all of “ power ” portray, of “ nerve ” and of “ fibre,”  
For so the tree of life groweth, — “ Igdrasil, whose root is in Hela.”  
While continued usage of swine’s flesh, of filth,  
Develops mental and physical lack — to lower, more brutish propensities

Subjecting man ; while disease of the body of most loathsome kind  
must ensue.

Material they whose ravings fleshly ask sight of this visage plain ;  
Material he who grazed where absent song and lengthening shades  
Call pasturing herds and rollicking lamb to the bars.

|| A windy, barren heath, with Titania borne rapidly along. · An aged,  
white-bearded man meets her. ||

Whither goest? Coming from the night, dost yet speed toward it?  
Fear ye not the hags of superstition ; the wild beast's inquisitorial  
tooth ;

Starvation in the wilderness, nor death upon the desert ?

Wouldst dreaming fare unto the Stygian bounds,

Where the wan spectres walk Eternal rounds ?

*Titania.* — I who from childhood questioned of conventual faith  
and creeds with honest doubt, 'mid the labyrinths of  
misty Egypt wander, treading the unstable Earth in  
trial of mocking spirits, who bid men go this way and  
that for what seems insufficient cause. Lo, I the scrip-  
tures fain would read aright and understand. Far  
better be a fool than not be wise enough. ·

*Time.* — And what of “ Sin ” and “ Death ”? How readest Fate?

||Phosphorescent lights surround her suddenly and terrific wind  
sweeps by in which aged female forms appear and pass.||

Enough! Pass on! — I also am thy guardian spirit. Stop not beneath  
the roof of fattened luxury, within the public mart, nor on  
becalmed seas.

This compass guide thee, and my blessing tarry with thee.

Adieu! — Ah me! — Ah — woe — woe — woe!

GRIEF SONG OF THE BIRDS,  
FOR TITANIA.

Wail! O Wail! Wail for Titania! For love's beauteous bird,  
Heart of fair Dian's white herald, sweet Nightingale,

Cease from thy honeyed rose-drunken revels and wail, O wail !  
For Love's beauteous bird. Heart of the star-like Oriole,  
Lean from thy storm-tossed house in the winds, and wail with us,  
Wail !  
For a heart's true labor of love, lost — all lost — Wail ! Wail !  
Cease — Dawn's bright herald — from thy peans of joy for the Sun-  
rise ;  
Mix sound of tears with thy jubilant gladness, and weep ! O weep  
for Titania ;  
For Love's merry sweet-voiced singer — heart of the bloom-loving  
Linnet.  
Wail o'er the garden of thorns — Wail ! O Wail !  
For the frail heart tempted and roaming — Love's tenderly beauteous  
Dove — alway make moan.

Shadows in violent and tragic action appear on the misty horizon as on a curtain, and pass. The scene changing, shadows turn to a dismal wood, forming the entrance to a cave, where sits the "Ogre" surrounded with her beasts. "Monkeys," "Cats," and "Pugs" fight in a corner while she murmurs to herself in dreaming self-flattery — Me Aristocratic lineage — Me Palatial Residence — Public character — Charities — Lectures — Me Elegant Costumes — Nostrums — Poses, etc.

|| A childish figure weeps in another corner, and "Harpies" are heard from an inner room muttering foulness. ||

The Avenging Angel passes :

Titania, what service weeping canst thou here?

*Titania* (Still in tears, meditating). — Some Lily or Violet sweet the kitchen window may claim — the simple-hearted ser-



vant adores. But in Parlor — in Bedroom — in Sitting-room — and my Lady's arm-chair — is the caller — Lover — Friend — *greeted forever with odor of "Canine."*

But what of haughty, arrogant vulgarity expect?

*Apollo.* — Titania, what melancholy service canst thou here?

*Titania.* — Naught! She asketh service for the brute that fitting only is, bestowed on helpless human kind. I've asked not gold, nor serve for time, nor will I live within a gilded den to call that "friend," who shirks all sweet responsibility of loving womanhood, her bed and board fouled by the beast, and she without the grace of shame. How long's my life to be frittered and wasted by ambitious quacks and brigands domestic, whose only con-

ception of Love or Friendship's a "*means*," not an "*end*," where culture of the beast's of more value than culture of the Human? By the eternal God! a woman findeth better task in life than chambermaid unto a Pug! Nor Love nor self-respect beneath such roof may tarry o'er a night. I have no duty here except to take my leave, for she a censer swingeth in her hands, and teaches (?) men.

*Apollo*. — Arise, and follow me, and as thou believest in another, even so, thyself honor.

| Passing out a storm of hail rattles around, and the Hag glides after them screaming angrily: ||

When the Almond on Himala's heights shall bloom, —  
when stones by repentance dissolve, — when water to

“Nectar” is turned, and the “Fates” by conventual  
prayers move; then may the powers of knowledge and  
genius of circumstance wait on Earth’s unwelcome,  
despised, and castaway child.

|| In her agitation a pack of cards falls from her clothing, and too many  
“aces” and “knaves” are turned up for honest play. ||

|| A shadow of “Oberon” is seen to pass swiftly. ||

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#### OCEANUS.

Joyous in garden and grove chase the shadows and beams,  
On a capricious and rainbow-loved April day;  
Merry the dancing of fauns and wood-nymphs there as of old,  
But merrier the laughter of Almond-crowned heads (unto Athene  
dear) I behold.

Æ — o — lus! Æ — o — lus!

From hill and from plain my Arabs steeds come,  
Allah — Il- a — Allah!

As “*Night*” and as “*Day*” they come.

Fair and clear-eyed the stars crowning, my snowy-plumed Dragon  
art thou;

Framed in silence and shade of Erebus the flaming-eyed Mithra  
doth come.

Alas! from afar discern I the awful, cycling tread, alike dreaded of  
gods and of men!

Alas! for with them “Cyclona Sirocco” fierce and untamed, the  
Angel of sadness and gloom.

Alas for humanity helpless, when Love’s war-horses in armed order  
go forth,

Needless to ask of her language pathetic, a minor chord sweet.

She it is speaks of excess and gluttonous waste of power,  
Lusty of Death, hewing a path through all mists and all blight;  
True to herself and her master Almighty, the herald of Justice comes.  
"Who the wind soweth, to him comes the whirlwind again."  
'Tis we are the makers of Hurricane drunken and greedy Cyclone:  
For a commerce unholy the flower of the groves are laid low.  
Silent the forests tell tales which of old men have known, that  
Trees, the sultry drouth's medicine, distributing seasonable rains,  
Whose moisture and heat overland doth the air equalize, keeping  
in tune,  
Aerial equilibrium preserving. On the elements drawing rain,  
Trees, Earth's physicians are, nurses and "Mothers" to the air.  
We've bidden these furious forces go wild, kill, uproot, and destroy,  
For where is no strength of a fibrous clutch, in play elemental — as  
In mockery of an agricultural lie — floods command but their own.

Yet cometh to homes of the Earth new friends and true,  
And men to Vesta, beloved of the gods, a new song will lift up ;  
While pest and disease at the coming of Ceres to hide have no  
chance,

As beautiful and glorious forms of Earth's healthful new growths,  
Create by life-culturing hands, take place of death and the weeds  
destroyed,

"Then, Plenty, from the encouraged plow shall rise, to fill, enrich,  
and adorn our happy land."

Æ — o — lus ! Æ — o — lus !

The reveling Earth to new order call ye. Go ! Hasten !

Dark dream of the midnight, and Mithra — go thou,

Go in the East-Wind, and go in the West-Wind,

Tarry in the North-Wind, and forbid the sweet South-Wind's delay.

Onward, speed onward, Great Dragon ! Love's steeds from all corners call thou,

Who the mist readeth in the East-Wind's dark hand ;  
Who the cleansing power knoweth of the North-Wind's fierce love ;  
Who the depths have sounded where ascends the lonely Palm ?

### THE FATES.

Go waken the echoes ! Love's able !  
Go waken the echoes ! For all things Love's able !  
O Wake ye wild wind-lyres your wand'ring, wild'ring strains ;  
O Waken sweet wind-lyres, whose mellow tones all the world o'er  
Echo true hearts and fair heads of brave men the world o'er.  
Awaken ! Awaken ! Arising, O visit the Earth with thy minor  
chords sweet.  
O turn ye their woe to sound of harmonious joy ;  
Their brows uplift with courage of humble and reverend fear ;

Forever Athene, clear-eyed from curse of the needless in Nature  
(Of which abuses are born), for men intercedes;  
For men intercedes where the sons of the morning are laboring all  
For the beauty of Love and of Dian round Zion's great wall;  
For men intercedes, where the manes of Dian interpreteth "God,"  
And the forces of life, death, and of change wait all on her power  
Who Hecate in hades is called.

IRIS.

STEWARTSTOWN, PA.

1890.

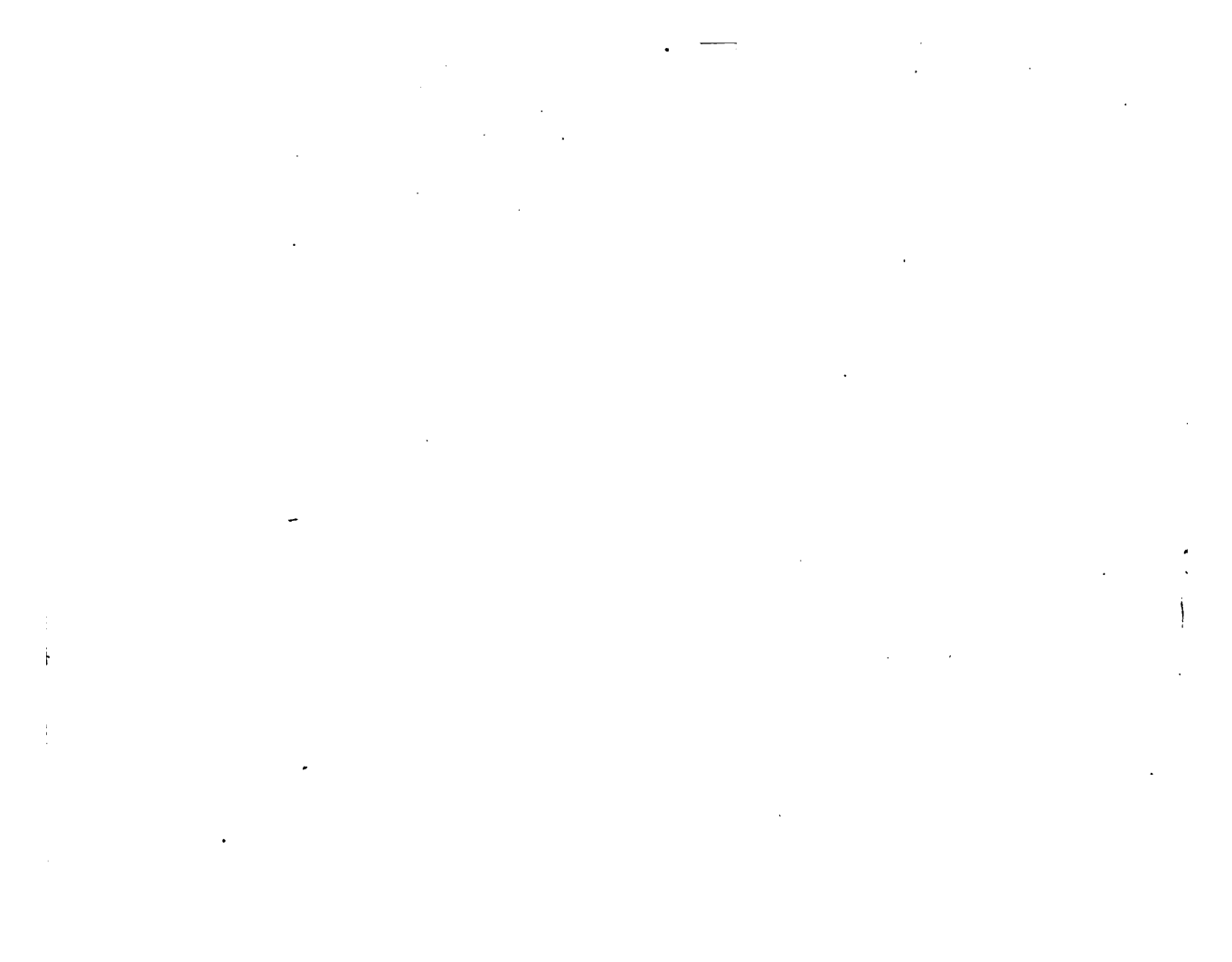
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